

## Blood Ties

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Summary: What if a rasetsu needed more than just the taste of a human's life essence? Saitou Hajime offers his blood in place of Chizuru to both his fallen comrade and leader, and finds himself desiring more than just that simple intimate act.

## Blood Ties

\*\*Title:\*\* Blood Ties

\*\*Author's Note:\*\* \_Hello readers! This fic is takes place somewhere along Hakuouki Hekketsuroku. But you can still read it as a stand alone story without having to follow the anime. In a way, this is a slight-AU fic because of the additional scenario, it might alter the original plot and affect the decisions originally made by the characters during the anime. Of course, main events that happened in history will still be there. That said, please enjoy!\_

\*\*Summary:\*\* What if a rasetsu needed more than just the taste of a human's life essence? Saitou Hajime offers his blood in place of Chizuru to both his fallen comrade and leader, and finds himself desiring more than just that simple intimate act.

HijikataxSaitouxOkita

\*\*Warnings & Disclaimer:\*\* Hakuouki and all related characters belongs to their respective owners. This is a OkitaxHajime and ToshizouxHajime fic with mentions of blood. Rated M for smut. Beta-ed by the lovely TNS!

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><p><strong>Blood Ties: Chapter One<strong>

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Saitou Hajime shook slightly as he pulled the thick bed-covers of his futon over his shoulders. It could be way past the Hour of the Boar but sleep still refused to claim him. Under the single lone candlelight , the young man groaned softly in frustration and finally flipped the covers off his body. Straightening the sides of his black kimono in order, he grabbed one of his katana, leaving its twin resting on the perch by his side. A samurai never leaves without his sword, for anything could happen even under the heavily guarded compound of the Shinsengumi Headquarters. Tying it securely beside his right hip, Saitou padded softly towards the entrance of his room and gently pushed open one side of the wooden sliding doors.

The freezing night breeze caressed his face and toyed with the ends of his dark hair as amethyst eyes swept across the empty courtyard before his room. The full moon hung overhead, casting an eerie glow over Edo as crickets played their symphony in the night. There was a palpable tingle of excitement in the air. Saitou could feel his body responding to it, and it was probably the reason why he simply just could not fall asleep.

Something was about to happen tonight.

Lost in the tranquility of the night, Saitou found himself thinking about what had transpired within the headquarters earlier today. Chizuru, the young maiden that had found herself tangled up in the battles of the Shinsengumi, had collapsed today. She had been looking ill the past few days ever since their return from the bloody battle of Toba-fushimi. A quick check by the doctor revealed anemia and nothing but a good rest should bring back the optimistic girl to her feet once again.

Saitou peered to the side where the Shinsengumi Vice-Commander's room was located, his brow creasing slightly as he found the room illuminated by the golden glow of candlelight and the shadow of Hijikata Toshizou sitting by his desk, still busy writing his report of the recent battle. He had remained unfazed when the girl had fallen, and instead, stayed up by her side until the pressing urgency of finishing his report finally tore him away from her room.

Saitou rose to his feet, perhaps the Vice-Commander would like to have a warm cup of tea to aid his work.

As he prepared to leave, a sudden appearance of a dark figure in the Vice-Commander's room caught his attention, and a hand quickly clasped the hilt of his sword. There was an intruder in the room!

Running as swiftly and as silently as he could, Saitou quickly assumed position by the doorway and drew his sword. The dark silhouette seemed to melt into the black shadow of the Vice-Commander's body as a soft groan echoed from the room. In a split second, Saitou yanked the screen doors open and prepared his stance to face the Vice-Commander's unknown assailant.

But Saitou was unprepared for what he witnessed in the Vice-Commander's room.

The scent of blood assaulted him as the rasetsu tore away from its feeding and snarled. Crimson eyes bore into Saitou's amethyst ones, as if daring the warrior to make a move. The creature looked exactly

like the Vice-Commander and in its arms, was Chizuru. Blood was still steadily coursing down from the horrendous bite mark upon her slender pale neck and staining the top of her clothes. The girl had a dazed smile upon her face, wet lips parting slightly as she moaned in the creature's grasp.

The creature growled and pulled the limp body upwards, latching his lips back to feed upon the bloodied offering, never once tearing his eyes off the intruder.

Saitou found himself unable to attack the rasetsu before him. It was the Vice-Commander after all. But, he was gone, degraded into a hellish scum that only lived to kill and survive on blood. His hand shook visibly as a million thoughts raced through his head. Did the Vice-Commander drink the Ochimizu? When?

But...

Chizuru doesn't seem to be in pain. In the Vice-Commander's embrace, soft wanton moans escaped her parted lips as she tilted her head further to allow more access to her flesh. Her glazed eyes were dark with lust and Saitou found himself lost in the scene before him as arousal began to stir in his own body, betraying him.

"Saitou..."

Amethyst eyes turned towards the white-haired creature, but instead, he found himself staring at the familiar face of the commander he was loyal to. The long black hair and those stern violet eyes.

"Saitou..." Hijikata crooned softly as he released his hold on the girl, allowing her to slip to the ground soundlessly. The Vice-Commander stood silently, never once leaving his piercing gaze from the man before him. A trickle of blood had escaped his lips while he fed on Chizuru. It painted a thin red trail from his lips to his chin. The man before him was not the Vice-Commander he knew so well. He was a monster.

Saitou grunted in pain as the creature aimed a sharp blow on his left arm, forcing him to drop his sword to the ground. A smile stretched across the normally frowning face of the Shinsengumi Vice-Commander as he kicked it away with his foot, scattering the sharp blade to the back of the room and out of reach.

Saitou blinked and found himself staring at an empty room.

Where did...?\_

A deep chuckle sounded from behind him as strong hands enveloped him in a tight embrace. Saitou tried to struggle but found himself incapacitated by the unusual strength of the monster.

"Don't move..." The warm breath ghosted in his ear once again as a warm, wet tongue gently caressed Saitou's bare neck. Saitou did not move, it was an order from the Vice-Commander after all. The man groaned, arching into the monster's ministrations as he dimly noted that in his haste to surprise the attacker in Hijikata's room, he had forgotten about the white scarf he usually wore.

"I know you were looking at Yukimura..." Hijikata continued as he pulled Saitou closer to his body, trailing his hands across Saitou's slender chest and lower still. "Did you enjoy what you see? What I did to her?"

Saitou shuddered as Hijikata's searching hands gently undid his obi, allowing his black robe to fan open. His warm hands returned to explore his body, sending warm tingles through the path they took.

"Who...are you?" The question slipped from Saitou's lips followed by a soft moan as Hijikata gently traced circles around his nipples, teasing them until they grew taut. The Vice-Commander chuckled again as he slowly worked his way down south.

"What ever are you talking about, Saitou? I'm still the man you know..." Hijikata murmured, burying his nose in Saitou's hair, his body faintly registering the scent of sakura blossoms in the wind. He coaxed another moan from the eager body against him, and with ease, Hijikata tugged at the strings that held up Saitou's fundoshi, smirking as it slid off his pale hips and finally cupped his fingers around the prominent arousal. Saitou buckled weakly in his grasp as soft moans escaped his lips.

"W-what...are you?" Saitou tried again as he tried to work his mind around his pleasured haze. The Vice-Commander hummed in approval as he circled Saitou's straining length, smirking as Saitou groaned in response, hips bucking into his warm palm and pink lips moving soundlessly as he was lost in pleasure once more.

"I'm not a rasetsu, Saitou. I'm more than that..." Hijikata answered as he placed soft kisses down the younger male's willing neck. Hijikata could smell the sweet scent of blood coursing though as his eyes glittered at the thought of sinking his teeth into him.

"I need more blood to control the rasetsu urges, Saitou. Chizuru's been so kind to offer her blood to me."

Hijikata traced his fingers around the head of Saitou's arousal, stroking the slit as he smeared the pre-cum that gathered at the tip. The older male raised an eyebrow in amusement as Saitou arched into him, crying out softly as he grabbed at Hijikata's hands to steady himself.

"I don't want you to feed on Chizuru..." Saitou gasped, squeezing his eyes shut as the Vice-Commander settled into an agonizing pace of stroking his erection in light, teasing touches. No...he certainly didn't. Saitou would not admit it, but he did not want anyone to touch the Vice-Commander. The Vice-Commander was his, and he would do anything for him. Even give his life.

"Oh?" Hijikata whispered, and brushed his nose against Saitou's slender neck, breathing in his scent once more as bloodlust threatened to overtake his senses.

"Please, feed on me, Fukuchou..." Saitou murmured as he tilted his head to the side, as if a silent invitation for the older male to feast upon his heated flesh. Hijikata smirked as he lapped gently on Saitou's unmarred neck with his tongue, teasing him for what is to

come as his hand picked up pace, pleasuring Saitou's hard arousal.

Saitou groaned, feeling liquid heat pool in his groin as the faint stirrings of orgasm threaten to tear through his body. Hijikata's warm hands felt so good on him, and Saitou could not help bucking wantonly in the older man's skilled hands.

"Not...not in front of the girl..." Saitou groaned as he tried to pull the side of his kimono to hide their sinful act, but Chizuru seemed to be out of it. She continued to lie slumped across the floor, her brown eyes blank and accusatory.

Hijikata traced his tongue over Saitou's ear, eliciting a shudder from the pale man.

"Don't worry. She won't remember any of this tomorrow. Neither will you."

The younger male froze as he felt Hijikata shift silently and without warning, sharp fangs drove deep into his neck.

Saitou lost himself in that ecstasy as he came hard in Hijikata's hands as the older male continued to draw his blood in large gulps. The younger male whimpered softly as the Vice-Commander continued to milk him of his orgasm, drinking his fill of Saitou's warm blood.

Saitou remembered coming down from his high as amethyst eyes caught sight of Chizuru's glassy ones staring at him. Hijikata moaned as he continued to lap at the precious lifesource trickling down Saitou's bare skin. His grip tightened as he felt the younger male buckle in his knees and sank his fangs deeper to taste the heady blood.

Saitou could hear his heart pounding in his ears with each pull of his blood from the wound on his neck. He had lost all feeling in his body and hung weakly onto the last thin thread of consciousness.

Hijikata cursed as he tore his fangs away from the weakening body before him. Saitou remembered seeing familiar violet eyes returning to sanity and glinting under the flicker of candlelight before darkness took him under.

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><p>Oh no, dear readers! I'm not finished yet! There will be more coming your way, so if you have enjoyed this chapter, please leave a review! And yes, if you are wondering, the rasetsu in my story take on more of a vampiric side than what was presented in the original series.</p>

End  
file.